



The New York Flute Club

NEWSLETTER

March 2001

Remembering Rampal

Recollections from Julius Baker, Linda Chesis, Robert Dick, Pryor Dodge, Robert Stallman, and Nancy Toff



PRYOR DODGE

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL (1922-2000)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL was born in Marseille on January 7, 1922, where his father, Joseph Rampal, was a professor of flute at the Marseille

Conservatory. Jean-Pierre started lessons with his father at age 12, but was not encouraged to become a professional musician, because his mother, Andrée, wanted him to become a doctor.



PRYOR DODGE

Rampal vividly remembers finally being allowed to join his father's master classes at the Marseille Conservatory, where two years later he obtained a first prize in flute. "I worshipped my father and wanted to be like him. In his wisdom, he permitted me to develop my own style...My father taught me how to nurture my musical talent and also how to lead my life. He said to walk out on the stage knowing that you are the best, and when you are finished and walk off the stage, always know there is someone better. My

(cont'd on page 7)

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Jean-Pierre was a very good friend. I met him in Paris around 1946 or '47, when he was a flutist with the [Paris Opera] orchestra. I helped get him his

A Remembrance by Julius Baker

manager [at Colbert Artists]. Once

[in the '50s] he invited me to give a masterclass in Marseille. That's where he grew up, and the family still lived there. After the class he offered to drive me back to Paris. Halfway there, he asked if I liked bouillabaisse. I said yes, and he said, "In that case, let's go back to Marseille. My mother makes the best bouillabaisse in France." So we turned

right around and he took me back to his mother's. After dinner, we played flute trios with his father. Jean-Pierre's father was his first flute teacher. It was something we had in common—my father was my first flute teacher, too.

He made the flute very popular. He would come to New York and he'd give concerts and use my students in the Boismortier pieces. We played a lot together. I have a recording of duets we played [*Eighteenth Century Flute Duets*, Vols. 1 and 2, Washington 9419/9442], and am thinking of re-releasing it as a CD. □

Julius Baker was principal flutist of the New York Philharmonic from 1965-1983.

(more on page 4)

In Concert

RAMPAL TRIBUTE

March 11, 2001

Sunday 5:45 pm

James Chapel, Union Theological Seminary
100 Claremont Ave. (between 120th and 122nd Sts.)

Program

Quartet in D minor (Tafelmusik)	Georg Philipp Telemann
<i>Linda Chesis, Karl Kraber, and Eugenia Zukerman, flutes;</i>	
<i>Dongsok Shin, harpsichord</i>	
Sonata for Flute and Piano	Francis Poulenc
<i>Linda Chesis, flute; Colette Valentine, piano</i>	
Sonatine for Flute and Piano	Jindrich Feld
<i>Marya Martin, flute; Colette Valentine, piano</i>	
Sonata in A Major	Cesar Franck
<i>Robert Stallman, flute; Colette Valentine, piano</i>	

Concerto Joseph B. de Boismortier
Linda Chesis, Karl Kraber, Marya Martin, Robert Stallman, and Eugenia Zukerman, flutes, with flutists who attended Rampal's Nice master class

Program subject to change



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2000-2001**

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From the President:
Rampal's Legacy

by Patricia Spencer

Organizing a fitting, celebratory tribute in memory of Jean-Pierre Rampal, indisputably a giant in our field, has been exciting, enlightening, and at times overwhelming. Rampal's impact has been enormous. In the '50s and '60s he charted a course (following the direction of Georges Barrère) building a new public image of the flute as an instrument that could be taken seriously in solo artistry. He helped mightily to bring a then relatively

unknown Baroque repertoire to delight a wider audience. He brought a contagious joie de vivre to all his music-making, and set a tremendous example of generosity—contributing performances for the very first Flute Fair of the New York Flute Club in 1994 and many more for National Flute Association conventions over the years.

With hindsight we can now look back at these accomplishments and see how they contributed to later developments. As the flute gradually becomes more and more accepted as a serious artistic voice on the recital and concerto soloist stage, the repertoire for the instrument is blossoming—composers of today are inspired to write some of their best music for the flute. Rampal's early championing of Baroque works certainly contributed to the subsequent "Baroque revival" and the accompanying scholarship which now enriches our experience of that repertoire.

Rampal's generosity and joie de vivre have contributed to the growth and success of flute societies worldwide. His contagious spirit is palpable in our own plans for the March 11 Flute Fair: every colleague or friend or student we have approached has been excited about helping with this event, whose organization would not have been possible without the exemplary and much-appreciated efforts of both Svjetlana Kabalin (who has been truly indefatigable) and Marya Martin. Spoken remembrances will be offered by, among others, Michel Debost, Rampal's colleague at the Paris Conservatoire. Denis Verroust, Rampal's biographer, is coming from Paris to share some memorable stories. The renowned composer Jindrich Feld, who composed his sonata for Rampal, will come from Prague. And Pryor Dodge is lending some of his extraordinary photographs of Rampal for display. Performers for the late afternoon concert will include three artists who studied with Rampal at the Conservatoire: Linda Chesis, Marya Martin, and Robert Stallman, playing Poulenc, Jindrich Feld, and Franck. Other flutists close to Rampal, including Karl Kraber and Eugenia Zukerman, will also be performing. Someone once said of Rampal that if you loved the flute, then he loved you. We can all follow his example, extending this warmth and excitement to each other during this celebration. □

New York Flute Fair 2001

Sunday March 11, 2001

8:30 am-7:45 pm

Union Theological Seminary

100 Claremont Avenue (between 120th & 122nd/Broadway & Riverside Drive)

We need to hear from
 NYC area flutists who attended Rampal's master classes or performed in his "marathon" flute concerts at Carnegie Hall.
Contact: Svjetlana Kabalin
 at 212-662-0433.

More volunteers needed!!!
 for the Flute Fair.
Contact:
Renate Jaerschky
 at 845-368-1749.

Members who wish to
 have their CDs or publications available for sale at the NYFC table at the Flute Fair should contact
Sandy Church
 at 212-799-7541.

(See page 8 for more information.)

Member Profile

Ann Cecil Stermán

NYFC Member
since 1998



Employment:

Freelance flutist and private teacher since coming to the states in 1998; teaching flute to graduate and undergraduate students at New Jersey City University. This June she'll be teaching meditation and healing in Ravello, Italy (in Italian!), working with Keith Underwood.

Most interesting recent engagement:

Last year, playing with the Philip Glass Ensemble in Glass's film score *Powaqqatsi*, with the composer at the keyboard.

Career highlights: During a 10-year period in Melbourne, Australia, playing (1) full-time on every Broadway show that came to town having a flute book, and (2) principal flute with the Malvern Symphony Orchestra (where she got to play Shostakovich's 5th under Robert Rosen, a friend of the composer). In 1984, winning nine solo competitions in one year. Numerous solo appearances on Australian national television; touring all over Japan in 1992. Four solo CDs in Australia, including one nominated for an ARIA (Australian Grammy), and one that was the most successful independent recording in Australian history. Playing on dozens of other CDs (she says the recording studio is her favorite place to be, and she's happy to find herself in demand in NY).

Current flute: An 1887 Rive headjoint on a handmade Sankyō. (Rive was a friend of Louis Lot in Paris.) The headjoint was previously owned by Harry Moskovitz, a former NYFC president. Moskovitz's daughter, who lives in the Village, found the head in a drawer with the carving knives. It's a gem, and a gift from her husband, Andrew, who also has a whole collection of French flutes that she enjoys playing.

Influential flute teachers: Mardi McCusle, Vernon Hill, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Julius Baker, and Keith Underwood.

High School: Essendon High School in Melbourne, Australia.

Degrees: B.M. and M.M. in music [1986 and 1998, University of Melbourne].

Personally satisfying accomplishments:

Her use of nontraditional healing techniques to help people with chronic health problems that Western medicine can't help. And her flute teaching, about which she says "With just the right words to heighten physical awareness and mindfulness, you can prevent problems that could lead to years of incorrect practice and thinking. I find that tremendously satisfying."

Typical practice routine: One hour of *Qi Gong* [Chinese exercises for cultivating one's *Qi* or "vital energy"] to center and energize the body and mind. Then a long self-designed warm-up, some Taffanel and Gaubert *Daily Exercises*, an Andersen etude or two, and repertoire.

Interests: For fun, listening to Hank Mobley very late at night, and (for more jazz) going to the Vanguard with her husband. She's a serious student of Chinese medicine, and a practitioner of *Qi Gong* and *Tai Ji* [another Chinese exercise form]. A book on perception is in the works, and she's writing the music for her 5th CD. She's an avid environmentalist, and *loves* doing interviews for the NYFC Newsletter (between her twice yearly trips to Australia).

Advice for NYFC members: Ann has a lot of advice. (1) Listen to Baker's 1962 recording of the Telemann Suite (Vanguard Classics SVC-42), and duplicate that ecstatic joy in your own playing. (2) Deepen your relationship with both yourself (through introspection or meditation) and the rest of the world (by being interested, appreciative and open). This will enhance your musical understanding and capacity for interpretation, and prevent dreary, myopic performances. (3) Do something for the environment—stop the waste! Cut down on packaging, junk mail, beef, and turn off those light switches! □

FLUTE HAPPENINGS

MARCH

March 13, 2001

Tuesday 7:00 pm

A concert of music by Schickele, Haydn, Bach, and Wechsler performed by **David Wechsler**, flute/midi wind controller, Sara Wollan, cello, and Michael Rose, piano/synthesizer.

Elebash Recital Hall, CUNY Graduate Center, 365 Fifth Ave., NY, NY • 7 pm • Free admission.

March 14, 2001

Wednesday 7:00 pm

Chrissy L. Fong, flute, will present a recital with James Greening-Valenzuela, piano, featuring sonatas by Hindemith, Martinu, Muczynski, and Prokofiev.

Gershwin Theater at the Conservatory of Music at Brooklyn College, 2900 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY • Free admission • Info: 718-951-4500

March 18, 2001

Sunday 4:00 pm

Margaret Swinchoski, flute, with Scott Brubaker, French horn, and Ron Levy, piano. Works of Poulenc and Eric Ewazen (*Ballade, Pastorale & Dance*, from her CD *From the Hudson Valley*).

Bronxville Women's Club, 135 Midland Avenue, Bronxville, NY • Admission: \$20, \$18/\$10 for seniors/students • Info and directions, call 914-738-2445.

March 23, 2001

Friday 6:30 pm

Svjetlana Kabalin, flute, with the Sylvan Wind Quintet in *Northern Lights*, a program of works by Sibelius, Larsson, Grieg, Hallgrímsson, and Nielsen.

Victor Borge Hall at Scandinavia House, 58 Park Avenue (at 38th), NYC • Admission: \$25 / \$12.50 for students and seniors • Info, call 212-904-1422, ext. 13.

March 27, 2001

Tuesday 8:00 pm

A memorial concert for **Eleanor Lawrence** with Linda Chesis and Harold Jones in works by Mozart, Dohnanyi, and others. Former students and colleagues from the New York Flute Club are invited to participate in the flute choir finale "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place" from the Brahms *Requiem*.

*Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St., NYC • Complimentary tickets are available from Monomoy Music, 100 Riverside Drive, NY, NY 10024 (send SASE and # of tickets required) or call 212-799-3245 • For more information, contact **Linda Schepps** at 973-472-0743 or syrnx@aol.com.*

(cont'd on next page)

FLUTE HAPPENINGS

(cont'd from previous page)

APRIL

April 1, 2001

Sunday 3:00 pm

Connecticut College Woodwind Quintet, with **Patricia Harper**, flute, in a debut concert featuring works by Reicha, Crawford-Seeger, and Ligeti.

Evans Hall, Connecticut College, New London, CT • Admission: \$10, \$5 for students and seniors • Info, call 860-739-2720.

April 8, 2001

Sunday 4:00 pm

Recital by Geoffrey Friedley, tenor; David Iskowitz, piano, **Virginia Schulze-Johnson**, flute, and Brian McLaughlin, French horn. Works of Eric Ewazen, Rossini, Ravel and Quilter.

Brothers College Chapel, Drew University, Madison, NJ • Donation at the door.

Flute Happenings Deadlines

Issue	Deadline	Mail Date
April 2001	03/22/01	04/09/01
May 2001	04/19/01	05/07/01

20/20 Vision?

IN DECEMBER 2000, the NYFC concert showcased seven compositions for flute deemed by the program committee to be among the works created in the last twenty years most likely to become mainstays of the flute repertoire. These pieces were: *Emily's Images* by Vivian Fine, *None but the Lonely Flute* by Milton Babbitt, *Aurelian Echoes* by Harvey Sollberger, *Afterlight* by Robert Dick, *Piccolo Play* by Thea Musgrave, *East Wind* by Shulamit Ran, and *Introduction and the Ground* by Stephen Jaffe.

Only time will tell if the program committee was correct. So, we will put this program into a virtual time capsule (in reality, our archives are conserved at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts) and check back in the club's 100th season, which, fittingly, will fall in the year 2020. Watch this space. □

—Nancy Toff, Archivist

Jean-Pierre Rampal was a surprise guest at Frances Blaisdell's Flute Club program in February 1992; they are accompanied here by NYFC president Nancy Toff.



IRA N. TOFF

New York was the scene of so many of Jean-Pierre Rampal's landmark concerts—each of us has memories of our favorites—that it

Rampal at the NYFC by Nancy Toff

seemed long overdue when he finally appeared on the stage of the New York Flute Club, the country's oldest and most prestigious flute club. We had that honor twice. The first occasion was in February 1992, at the 80th birthday celebration for Frances Blaisdell. We had invited M. Rampal and Julius Baker, both of whom had been friends of Frances's for many years, to introduce her. CAMI Hall was packed; it was 5:30 pm, and there was no Rampal in sight. I made the reluctant decision to start without him. As president of the club, I went on stage to introduce the program, denying myself the pleasure of announcing Rampal's appearance (which had not been previously announced); I mentioned only Julius Baker. But as I walked off the stage, who was in the green room, with a big smile on his face, but M. Rampal! His plane had

been delayed, and he had come straight from the airport. I'm not sure who was the most relieved.

After the program, in his typically generous style, he took Frances and all the performers for a Japanese dinner at a favorite spot on Columbus Avenue. He asked how many pieces were in a particular sushi roll, and the answer was six. He must have said something like, "OK, we'll have six," but the response got lost in translation and we ended up with six full rolls, not six pieces. However, there were no leftovers.

M. Rampal's second appearance at the club occurred two seasons later, when he agreed to be the guest artist for the First New York Flute Fair, held at the Society for Ethical Culture in March 1994. With Linda Chesis and Marya Martin, he appeared in the final recital in a program of Telemann, Quantz, Kuhlau, and Doppler. It was a marvelous way to inaugurate this very popular annual event—and again, the celebration concluded with a Japanese dinner. □

Nancy Toff was president of the New York Flute Club from 1992 to 1995 and currently serves as archivist.



Jean-Pierre Rampal and his former student Alexandra Hawley, daughter of Frances Blaisdell, at the Club's reception honoring Miss Blaisdell on her 80th birthday in 1992.

IRA N. TOFF



Rampal teaching Leone Buyse during an outdoor class at the Cimiez Monastery in Nice during the summer of 1970.

**A Remembrance
by Linda Chesis**

My very first experience attending a flute recital was also the first time I heard Jean-Pierre Rampal perform live. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was the winter of 1969

at what was then called Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center. I can still sense the air of anticipation as the packed-to-capacity hall waited for Rampal to appear. And I remember my astonishment at the beauty, ease and fluidity of his sound, his facile technique, his blazingly fast articulation and his elegant musicality. But most of all, it was the encore that made me an immediate devotee. He played the Gluck *Dance of the Blessed Spirits* with such a completely natural expression of emotion. It was as if the music came directly from his heart through his lips to touch each of the hearts of the thousands of people witnessing the event. It was the first time that music brought me to tears, and it was unforgettable.

After college, I went to Paris to study with him at the Conservatoire. People always ask me, What was Rampal like as a teacher? First of all, he taught by example. And the playing he did for each student—directly in your face—was some of the most remarkable I have ever heard. Jean-Pierre was truly larger than life with an insatiable appetite for music, food, drink, people, and adventure. He would return from a tour to Israel, Japan, the States, often coming to class directly from the airport. He'd then proceed to teach for eight or nine hours with seemingly limitless energy. He abhorred anything too careful, controlled or overly-rehearsed. Expressive, communicative playing was what excited him. Playing perfectly was never one of his goals, and it didn't seem to hold much interest for him. I sat in on one of his recording sessions, where, at one point, the producer asked him if he would like to redo a phrase.

His response was, "I just finished playing ten thousand right notes—I should worry about three wrong ones?" What he was looking for in his own work—and his students'—was a *joie de vivre*, a love of life...the excitement and vitality that made the music truly come alive.

After years of teaching, I realized that Rampal's approach was firmly grounded in the principles of behavior modification. We always played for him in a class setting; there were never private lessons or even a fixed amount of time allotted per student. It would be up to the student to take the initiative to play for the class. If your playing captured his interest, you'd get the most amazing lesson imaginable. If you were somewhat lackluster, sloppy, or insecure, he would barely pay any attention at all, preferring, instead, to chat with the other students. It was neither malicious nor humiliating, but deeply disappointing. So we would all strive to earn and maintain his attention. And it worked! The level of playing in that class was consistently quite extraordinary. Jean-Pierre's methods were far from cerebral and often quite funny. To demonstrate an open throat, he would pour a bottle of water down his gullet without swallowing. As a former art history major, it took me several months to realize that his repeatedly calling out "non dada" had absolutely nothing to do with Marcel Duchamp, André Breton or any French art movement at all. My tonguing was just too heavy! ("Tu tu, non dah-dah") And when asked about improving breathing technique, he would simply state, "Open your mouth."

Rampal's death truly marks the end of an era of flute playing. I feel privileged to have known and worked with him for so many years, and am deeply grateful for all the wonderful memories I can share with my own students. □

Linda Chesis, woodwind department chair at the Manhattan School of Music, received a Premier Prix from the Paris Conservatory in 1979.

I first heard Rampal in 1966 when I was 16, at one of the Frick Collection's free Sunday concerts in a program of baroque sonatas with Veyron-Lacroix

**A Remembrance
by Pryor Dodge**

on harpsichord. At the time,

Rampal's baroque interpretations were considered so refreshing and engaging that within the year, Lincoln Center presented the duo at Avery Fisher Hall twice, once playing all seven Bach sonatas and again, at a late (11 pm) concert, where they played all ten Handel sonatas!

Inspired by his playing, I attended his summer classes in Nice in 1967. The class was still mostly European, and with a daily attendance of about 25, the atmosphere very intimate. Rampal's assistant, Alain Marion, could be found outdoors, working with two or three students in the shade of a tree or of the Villa's side porch.

Nice was a vacation period for Rampal; his relaxed state during the three week course offered a unique opportunity to hear his expressiveness at its best. Just to hear him breath life into a single phrase was revelatory. Perhaps equally instructive was to witness his sympathetic responses to the music being played; his expressions reflected both his profound feeling for the music as well as what he hoped would materialize in the student's playing. To be in the presence of his natural flow, both while he played and listened, was an incredibly inspiring experience that I attempted to capture on film. These countless magical moments led me to return several times.

Although I had decided not to major in music in college, Rampal's influence kept me fluting and prompted my move to Paris after graduation in order to study the Marseille school of playing with Alain Marion. □

Pryor Dodge moved to Paris in 1971 to continue flute studies with Alain Marion and Maxence Larrieu, and gave chamber music concerts for several years. He is a collector of antique bicycles, the author of a classic text on bicycle history, and a serious student of the Argentine tango.

I first met Jean-Pierre Rampal in 1958, when I was an eleven-year-old fledgling flutist at a French boarding school in Strasbourg, France. My parents had bought tickets for us to hear

**Rampal: En Souvenir
by Robert Stallman**

Rampal and the Pasquier Trio play the Mozart flute quartets, and for weeks I was beside myself with anticipation. When the great evening finally arrived, I slipped out of school without permission (risking severe disciplinary consequences!). The concert was held in the private hall of a small château, and we had front row seats. When Rampal bowed and sat down on stage, he was barely ten feet from me. Never had I been so excited. At the intermission I gathered up my courage and headed backstage to ask him for his autograph. Before I could get a word out, he peered down at this nervous American boy with crewcut and glasses, and obligingly suggested in his charmingly accented English, “You want my autograph?” “Please, sir,” I chirped.

A year later, Rampal arrived with Robert Veyron-Lacroix to give a recital at my new school in Massachusetts. This time I got to turn pages for Veyron-Lacroix and hang out backstage with Rampal. By now the sound of his flute, the absolute magic of his playing and the warmth of his personality had made a deep impression on me.

In 1967 I spent my first summer with Rampal at the Académie Internationale d’Eté in Nice, and was hoping to continue my work abroad after finishing up my studies at the New England Conservatory. It had long been my dream to go to Paris and take lessons with Rampal. When he performed in Boston the next winter, I found myself alone with him and Veyron-Lacroix during the concert intermission. I popped the question: could he do me the big favor of writing a letter to the Fulbright

Commission in support of my application? “Bien sûr, Bob. It is no problem. I will write the recommendation and they will not be able to refuse you. You will come to Paris— but I will not be there.” “But, Jean-Pierre, if you are never there, what’s the use? I want to study with *you*,” I protested, somewhat confused. He looked at me as if I had entirely missed the point. “I am sorree, but I am just about always en tournée now and never at home, but you will see me there three, maybe four times à la maison. In between you will study with Alain Marion and with Gaston Crunelle at the Conservatoire. Anyway, Paris is a beautiful citee. You will come, you will enjoy very much.”

A week later I received a note from Jean-Pierre, on Statler Hilton stationary, addressed from Washington, D.C. It read: “Dear Bob, My flue [sic] got worse and worse but I never played so well as last night at the Library of Congress. On the backside is the rough draft of my recommendation to the Fulbright Commission. Je t’embrasse, Jean-Pierre.”

Everything then proceeded exactly as he had predicted. In the spring, I was notified that I had received the Fulbright grant. Between October of 1968 and June of 1969, I visited Rampal for four extended and unforgettable sessions at his apartment on Avenue Mozart (almost next door to “The Magic Flute” Pâtisserie), in the chic sixteenth arrondissement. These precious afternoons I carefully preserved on tape with a new gadget called a cassettophone. During the long stretches in between, I took weekly lessons with Marion as well as classes and private lessons with Crunelle at the Conservatoire. And my studies with Rampal in his

summer master classes at the Académie in Nice continued through 1971.

Those of us who had the good fortune to be at Rampal’s side in Nice and learn from him six hours a day for weeks at a time can never forget that golden era—summers that would inspire us for years to come. Rampal was in top form and every time he picked up his gold Haynes to play for the class, we were absolutely transported by the ease and limpid beauty of his playing and, of course, his dazzling articulation and technique. One of the vivid moments that comes to mind was in July of 1968 when Isaac Stern dropped in on our class for a few days. Rampal’s playing with him of the *Largo* of the Bach *Double Violin Concerto* left many of us in tears. You could feel everyone in the room breathing with the music, wishing it would never end.

On another July afternoon, many years later, Jean-Pierre and I climbed into a cab in New York, heading for the Drake Hotel. The business at hand was to plan quickly what we would play together on one of his Carnegie Hall recitals in the upcoming season (1984). When he had invited me to play with him on previous occasions, it was always a question of one or two pieces, with perhaps an encore. “Alors,” he opened, “what should we start with?” I suggested the Bach G minor trio sonata. “D’accord, and then?” “Well, Jean-Pierre,” I dared, “how about the Doppler *Hungarian Fantasy* on the second half...if that is not too much.” “Too *much*? Mais, non. This is a *duo* recital. Fifty-fifty. You, half. Me, half.” I was totally caught by surprise, but he insisted, “Fifty-fifty. Comme ça.”

As on countless other occasions with Jean-Pierre, I was awed by his generous spirit. Once again I felt myself enveloped by the extraordinary love that radiated from him. This will always be with me, as will my gratitude for the privilege of having known him. □



*A moment of discovery:
Robert Stallman and Jean-Pierre
Rampal in Nice, July 1967.*

Flutist Robert Stallman has an international career as a soloist, teacher, recording artist and arranger.

Let me join the chorus of those who were influenced by Rampal. I wore out a number of his records as a kid. While in high school, I went to

**A Remembrance
by Robert Dick**

and saved so as to sit up front. What amazing music lessons AND flute lessons were there for the observant. I was lucky enough to meet him several times over a period of many years, and would like to share some of these experiences.

The first time I heard Rampal was at a concert he gave with his then-partner Robert Veyron-Lacroix. This was in 1960; I was ten. The duo played at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and it was an unforgettable recital. Baroque music in the first half, Hindemith and Prokofiev in the second, followed by at least half a dozen encores. The ensemble between flutist and harpsichord/piano was as one. At the end of the *Sarabande* in the Bach E \flat major sonata, they trilled in perfect unison with a beautiful accelerando—it didn't sound gimmicky at all, but intimate and thrilling. After this concert, Mr. Rampal was very gracious and signed my program, along with many others in the huge line that gathered at his dressing room door. My memories of the concert are both quite adult—really listening to the musical expression—and pure kid, a fascination with the motion of his belly as he breathed. In 1960, Mr. Rampal was quite slender. But even as he gained weight over the years, his balletic grace on stage never waned.

In 1970 in New Haven, I got soaked to the skin walking through an unexpected rain shower to attend a rehearsal for a Rampal recital at Yale's Sprague Hall. I had the manuscript of the first two chapters of my first book *The Other Flute: A Performance Manual of Contemporary Techniques* with me. Mr. Rampal was kind enough to have a look through them. Although he was never attracted to the avant-garde, he took the time to examine the chapters closely, and he did this for a dripping wet hippy who had just showed up without an appointment! He summed up the work by saying,

every Rampal concert in New York

“This will change the face of the flute,” and allowed me to use this quote in seeking a publisher. And of course he played fantastically that evening.

In 1977, we got stuck at LaGuardia airport during a snowstorm and talked for hours. I was on my way from NYC to Buffalo (where I lived then) and had planned to return to Buffalo in time to hear Rampal's recital. He was on his way to give that recital with the pianist John Steele Ritter. A very gregarious and social fellow, he was really happy to see someone he had met and was delighted to pass the time chatting. I discovered that the man on stage and the man were one and the same. The same energy, the same bounce and joy. It was a vital lesson. And, in a moment of passing facial expression, he made a gesture that showed how he used the muscles under his lower lip while tonguing. Since one normally cannot see this since the flute covers these muscles, it was a revelation. I was only familiar with various American articulations at that time, and here was an express lesson in French *detache*. Those who heard Rampal at his best will attest to his astonishing articulation. The gesture was only a momentary thing, yet it opened doors. I have taught that same lesson innumerable times.

At some point in the mid-1980s, Rampal was soloist with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, of which I was principal flutist at the time. After his concerto appearance (I'm embarrassed to say I don't remember exactly which one; orchestra playing can do that to you), he made a point of coming over to me while leaving the stage and put his arm around my shoulder as we walked off. It was incredibly kind and generous for him to send this message to that their flute player in the Brooklyn Philharmonic was OK by him.

Rampal hated negativity and embraced the positive—always. He didn't want to hear bad things about other musicians and made a point of permitting no jealous interactions in his class at the Paris Conservatory. He was a man who loved life and lived his love. □

From <http://users.uniserve.com/~1wk/fluteweb/rampal.htm>, adapted with permission.

Flutist/composer **Robert Dick** is the author of *The Other Flute: A Performance Manual of Contemporary Techniques*.

RAMPAL (cont'd from page 1)

father's influence, encouragement, and example have stayed with me all my life.”

Rampal graduated from the University of Marseille in 1941, receiving a diploma in the sciences. However, World War II interrupted his plans to become a doctor. In his third year of medical school and about to be drafted by the Nazi occupation forces for compulsory labor,



PRYOR DODGE

Rampal went underground and headed for Paris. He enrolled at the Paris Conservatory, and graduated with a first prize five months later, in May 1944. Soon after, he gave his first formal performance with an orchestra, playing the Ibert *Flute Concerto* with the Orchestre National de France. He joined the Paris Opera in 1945.

Rampal met his future wife in 1946, when he was rehearsing the Mozart *Flute and Harp Concerto* with his future mother-in-law, the harp soloist Odette Le Dentu. She introduced him to her 17-year-old daughter, Françoise Bacqueyrise, who was also a harpist. Françoise and Jean-Pierre married in 1947, and had two children, Isabelle and Jean-Jacques.

Many honors were bestowed upon Rampal over the course of his career. He was made a Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur, and received the Grand Prix du Disque for a number of his recordings. Among contemporary composers who have dedicated works to him are Jean Françaix, André Jolivet, Jean Martinon, Francis Poulenc and Pierre Boulez. In 1989, Random House published his autobiography *Music, My Love*.

Jean-Pierre Rampal died on May 20, 2000 at his home in Paris. He was 78 years old. □

Sources: Frank Simone (<http://members.nbci.com/fs3/rampal-03.htm>), Sony biographies (www.sonyclassical.com/artists/rampal), and the New York Times (*Rampal obituary*, 5/21/00).

2000–2001 Concert Season


October 22, 2000 • Sunday 5:30 pm
PAIGE BROOK MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

November 12, 2000 • Sunday 5:30 pm
ROBERT LANGEVIN, flute

December 10, 2000 • Sunday 5:30 pm
INTO THE MILLENNIUM
The "Best of the New"—Highlights from recent repertoire

January 28, 2001 • Sunday 5:30 pm
FLUTE FORCE: Sheryl Henze, Gretchen Pusch, Rie Schmidt, and Wendy Stern, flutes

February 25, 2001 • Sunday 5:30 pm
RANSOM WILSON, flute



March 11, 2001 •
Sunday 9:00 am–8:00 pm
Seventh Annual FLUTE FAIR
Honoring JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL
*Union Theological Seminary;
100 Claremont Ave. (between 120th/122nd)*

April 22, 2001 • Sunday 5:30 pm
2001 NYFC COMPETITION WINNERS

May 20, 2001 • Sunday 5:00 pm
ENSEMBLE PROGRAM CONCERT
*Bloomingdale House of Music
323 West 108th Street*



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March 2001



From the Editor:

Greetings!

March brings us New York Flute Fair 2001, a full day of concerts, lectures, workshops, exhibits, and competitions. The theme of the fair (and this newsletter) is "Remembering Rampal." In this issue we have Rampal remembrances from Julius Baker, Linda Chesis, Robert Dick, Pryor Dodge, Robert Stallman, and Nancy Toff. I enjoyed reading them, and think you will too. A big thank you to the contributors, and perhaps an even bigger thank you (since a picture's worth a thousand words!) to Pryor Dodge and the others who have let us reproduce their Rampal photographs here.

March's Member Profile subject is Ann Cecil Sterman, whose name should be well known to readers of this newsletter from the last year's piccolo interviews (February 2000) and last month's Ransom Wilson interview. But not until reading her profile did I know that she is a serious student of Qi Gong and Tai Ji and has integrated these techniques with her flute playing. I'm happy to report that she's promised us more on this topic for an article in May.

Attentive readers will notice the absence of a Member Perspectives column this month; it was a choice of the column or more Rampal photos, and I opted for the photos.

The Flute Fair is on Sunday March 11, and I hope to see you there! For convenient reference, some information you should have already is listed below:

- General and media queries, additional brochures:* Darla Dixon (212-799-0448)
- Competition:* Patricia Zuber (201-750-7989)
- Master Class:* Bärli Nugent (212-749-0097)
- Exhibits:* David Wechsler (718-859-8649)
- Volunteer coordinator:* Renate Jaerschky (845-368-1749)

Best regards,

Katherine Saenger
saenger@us.ibm.com

